

# FORD TIMES

Mustang 

*Elite* *Thunderbird*

  
MAVERICK

 *Pinto*

LTD

TORINO

*Granada*

The New  
Fords



## The 1976 Fords. With built-in quality and value designed for today's demanding car buyer.

This month your Ford Dealer will introduce the new 1976 Ford cars and trucks built to meet our very demanding standards . . . those that are most important to today's buyer. In the quality of workmanship, for instance, with attention to even the smallest details.

In this issue, you can read all about the new 1976 Fords. We honestly feel they offer a high level of excellence in quality and value. We think you will agree when you see them at your local Ford dealership. This year especially, the closer you look, the better we look.

Sincerely,

*Bill Benton*

William P. Benton  
Vice President  
and General Manager, Ford Division  
Ford Motor Company





# FORD TIMES

The Ford Owner's Magazine

October, 1975, Vol. 68, No. 10

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**COVER:** Ford's 1976 lineup offers value in many sizes. For details and photos of each car line, see pages 17-46. Photo by Don Rockhey.

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THE OTTAWA RIVER, not the Thames, lapped at the walls of the buttressed and turreted Parliament buildings, but the scene still reminded us of London, near the British Parliament.

Since Ottawa's back door opens to the vast Canadian wilderness, my wife and I had driven to the capital anticipating a city of woodsmen and lumberjacks. We were wrong.

Not that lumbering is a stranger here. Flotillas of logs fresh from the northern lumber camps glide down the wide river, under the ramparts of Parliament, bound for the paper mills. But there's nothing of Paul Bunyan about this dignified city of 500,000.

European eyes first saw the site in the early 1600s, when Samuel de Champlain and other French explorers sailed up the river in search of the Northwest Passage. Not until 1800, however, did the first settler, a Massachusetts veteran of the Revolution named Philemon Wright, set up a homestead.

Wright began the region's great lumbering industry. What's now the heart of Ottawa initially belonged to one of Wright's workers, Nicholas Sparks. In 1826, Sparks sold out to Colonel John By, of the Royal Engineers, who had come to the wilderness under orders to link the Ottawa River and Lake Ontario with a 126½-mile, 47-lock canal system along the Rideau River.

Called Bytown at first, the city

# OTTAWA







*Tourists line up to board the Ottawa Queen, one of several tour boats that work the Rideau Canal*

which shot up around the engineers' headquarters was a rowdy backwoods hamlet, peppered with brawls between the Irish canal workers and the French-Canadian lumberjacks. Some Ottawans have dubbed their city "Venice of the Americas," because of its water and boats.

At the stairway of locks where the canal spills into the Ottawa River, Colonel By's commissary, the oldest building in the city, still stands. Today the commissary houses the Bytown Museum. Among the museum's exhibits of life in early

Ottawa, we could almost glimpse the spectre of old Colonel By, laboring to complete his canal while struggling to maintain, in this boisterous wilderness hamlet, a proper British decorum.

Certainly he'd approve of modern Ottawa—a civilized city of glass-walled skyscrapers and peaceful residential streets, a metropolis where the pleasures are serene and cultured. From the porch of the Bytown Museum, visitors can watch men working the canal's man-powered stairway of locks, a sight



the colonel enjoyed in his day. A sightseeing boat (adults \$3.50, children \$3) leaves from the last lock for a 1½-hour cruise along the Ottawa River, with a foray up the Gatineau River to inspect the great log booms.

Another boat tours the Rideau Canal, leaving regularly from a dock opposite the Performing Arts Center for a 1¼-hour tour (adults \$3, children \$2.50).

We found that, for do-it-yourself explorers, Ottawa has an easily navigated downtown (although the residential southern fringes can be a bit tricky). It makes good sense to seek accommodations in the center of the city—the section stretching south from Parliament Hill.

If you like staying at prestigious hotels, there is the magnificent, 500-room Chateau Laurier, next to the capitol. But the city has a full complement of fine downtown hotels, motor inns, and tourist homes. A full descriptive list, with prices, is available from the Ontario Department of Tourism and Information, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Many of Ottawa's things to see and do are concentrated in the capitol area; others are just a short drive away. There are several attractions in one location at the Performing Arts Center on Elgin Street, kitty-corner from Parliament. We thought the modernistic building was a pleasure to look at, but apparently some older Ottawans think

otherwise. As we stood gazing at the building, a conservatively dressed silver-haired gentleman standing nearby remarked: "One would have thought for \$45 million they could have at least put windows in the thing, wouldn't one?"

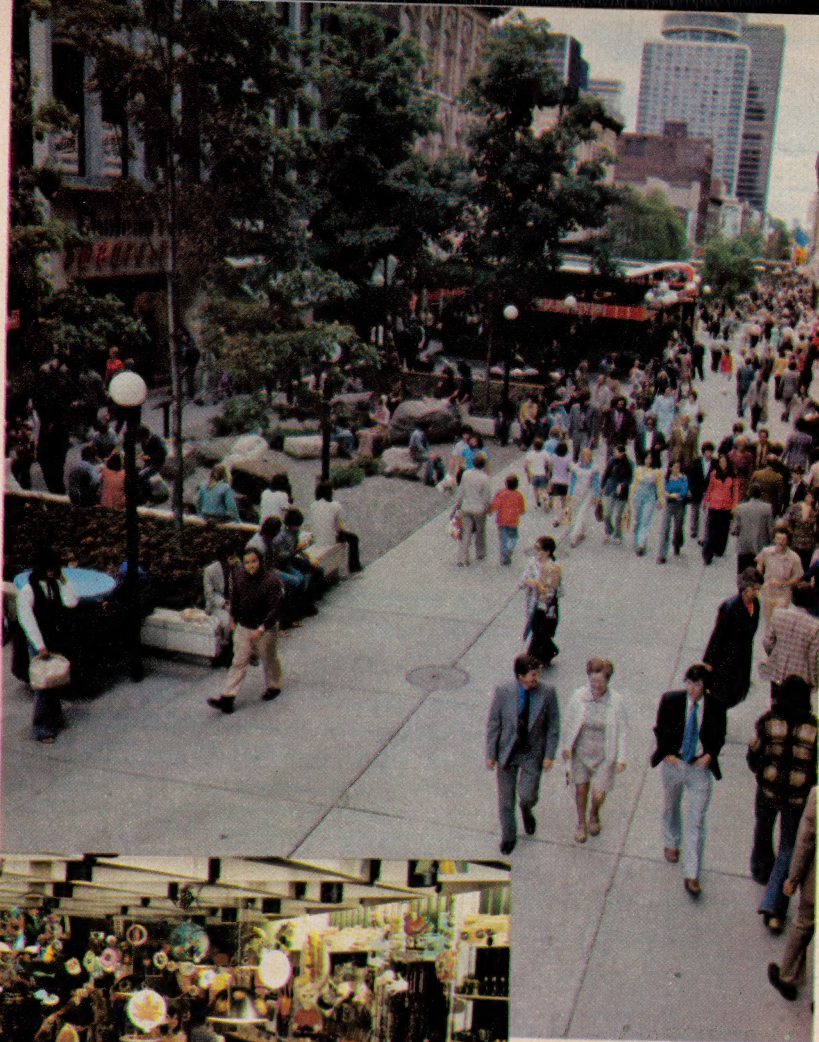
Windows or not, the Center keeps the city well entertained with its 2,300-seat opera house and various theaters. Strolling along the building's terraces overlooking the Rideau Canal, we examined art works in an outdoor bazaar and watched an impromptu puppet show.

Just a few blocks south of the Center is the National Art Gallery, where we came to suspect that older Ottawans take as dim a view of modern art as they do of modern architecture. We were looking at a kinetic construction alive with blinking yellow lights when a queenly lady passing by said: "Difficult to decipher, isn't it? And not worth the deciphering. I shall go downstairs and view the landscapes."

But art lovers of all tastes will enjoy the gallery, where works on exhibit include oils by Gauguin and Cézanne, medieval tapestries, and the works of Renaissance masters, as well as ultramodern pieces. Just a few blocks north of the gallery, for a change of pace, is the Sparks (in honor of the entrepreneur/worker) Street Pedestrian Mall, lined with trees, flowers, fountains, and chic boutiques.

Like the British, Canadians are





*Pedestrian traffic is heavy along the Sparks Street Mall, above, and in the National Arts Center Bookshop, left*



keen on sports. Ottawans are no exception: golf courses abound, and so do riding stables. The city also has hiking and biking trails, boating on the river, and some sports that aren't likely to be found back in England, such as lacrosse, hockey, sled-dog racing and North American style football.

Across from the Sparks Street Mall is the National Ski Museum, covering 200 years of this snow sport. Curling, a favorite Canadian winter pastime, awaits spectators at many private and public rinks.

East of the Rideau Canal and a few blocks north of Rideau Street is the By Ward Market, where Ontario and Quebec farmers gather on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday to sell their produce. The atmosphere is that of an English country town.

For visitors with more than a few days to spend, the city's list of attractions is long: the Ottawa River Museum, the Dominion Observatory, the National Museum of Science and Technology, the National Museum of Natural Sciences, Laurier House (residence of two former prime ministers), and the Canadian War Museum, where experts sometimes demonstrate the ancient art of forging the swords that the knights of merrie olde England used to wield.

Looming over Ottawa and setting the city's tone are the dignified and restrained Parliament buildings. Tours through the buildings

are followed by an elevator ride up the 300-foot Peace Tower for a panoramic view. The blue-uniformed guard on duty when we arrived on top pointed out the sights to us in a dialect that sounded Scottish, although he said he was a native of a little town in the Canadian far north.

The Buckinghamesque changing-of-the-guard ceremony, which we watched on Parliament's grounds, is a superb attraction. Presented daily at 10 a.m. during the summer, the 45-minute ritual changes the division of soldiers guarding Rideau Hall, the residence of the governor-general, who is Queen Elizabeth's representative in Canada. As the drums roll and the pipes skirl, it's hard to remember which side of the Atlantic you're on.

Later that night, the 53 bells of the famous Peace Tower carillon provided a fitting climax to our Ottawa visit. Strolling about the Parliament grounds while the bells sounded sweetly, we watched Ottawa's lights mingle their reflections with the moonlight in the swift Ottawa River. It was a civilized pleasure offered by a quiet and comfortable city, one that seems all the more so for balancing on the edge of a hemisphere of wilderness.

Perhaps for that reason, too, it seems all the more determinedly British. But, luckily, this is one bit of Britain you can reach by car. □



# My Dad and I and the Fishing Trip

(How a youth of 10  
found his way among  
a family of non-anglers)

**W**HEN I WAS A BOY, several eons ago, I had an intense fever for fishing 12 months of the year. If I was ever AWOL from grade school, it wasn't because of anything that social workers were familiar with then—like leaning on a lamp post whistling at the girlies, or hunching over a green felt table with a cue in my sweaty little hands trying to beat the neighborhood bum at rotation. I had gone fishin'.

by Robert W. Kelley

paintings by Marcus Hamilton

8 FORD TIMES—OCTOBER 1975









This was odd in itself since nowhere in my ancestry can I remotely trace anyone who even heard of Izaak Walton nor anyone who came closer to fishing than visiting the market on the waterfront to buy some of the rascals fresh. My father, who had the good intentions of all fathers of 10-year-old boys, did on one occasion take me fishing. It was a trip I'll never forget.

Not by any stretch of the imagination could it be called a fishing trip; it was more like a family picnic or camping trip during which I was supposed to fish.

Arriving at the campsite, alongside of which a river happened to luckily flow, my father dutifully began preparing, for the moment at least, to be a fisherman. To my youthful eyes it seemed he knew what he was doing. He searched around in the running board box on the car and withdrew an old, rusty tackle box and a steel telescoping rod. He pulled and twisted to extend the rod, then strung the line through the ferrules and attached a leader and a hook. Then he looked about for a worm, fully expecting a wriggly mess of them if he just cuffed the dirt a little with his heel. I placed my tomato can full of nightcrawlers at his disposal. He attached one to a hook large enough to catch and haul in a 40-pound salmon. Then—and this was where I began to doubt his wisdom, experience and fondness for fishing—he leaned the rod against

a tree, fluffed out an old Indian blanket on the side of the stream and pulled out a copy of an adventure pulp magazine.

He cast the line out to the center of the stream with a form something between that of a javelin thrower and a jai alai server. The sinker he had bitten onto the line was the size of a small pebble so the whole apparatus did indeed land in midstream. My fishing father then placed the rod handle among some boulders so it would stand upright, placed himself on his side on the blanket (at least he faced the stream) and propped his head up with his right hand, leaving



the left free to hold the magazine. He was like that at dusk when I returned.

My own fishing during the trip took on a different flavor. After watching my father non-fish for a while, I packed up my gear and set out, upstream, on a lonely, narrow logging road that generally paralleled the stream.

It seemed at least a half dozen miles later, but was probably closer to a mile and a half, that I noticed the stream made a slight turn and thus produced a pool which had all the markings of a likely spot for some trout to be conventioning. I crossed a little side stream and trudged my way to a sandy spit 20 or so yards upstream from the pool, tennis shoes oozing and squishing the last few steps.

Heavy alders and fir trees put the pool in intermittent shadows which sort of confirmed, at least in my mind, that it would be sheer luxury for a trout to be holding against the current in such a spot.

My fishing equipment of the day still makes me feel a little proud. I disdained the use of my father's steel boom and with my own money had purchased a real split bamboo rod. (I still have it, but it's a little more split than it should be.) I carried a small assortment of flies though I wasn't using a flyline and knew little about the rollcast. For bait I carried a few spinners but mostly depended upon salmon eggs, the natural trout bait of the area.



I approached the clear pool in a duck-waddling position, pulling my head into my shoulders as turtle-like as I could. In this position I made my first cast. The splash in the pool center was enough to cause a full-scale evacuation of any form of life, but by this time I was mesmerized by the possibilities.

The line drifted down, then up, then toward what seemed too close to shore. I waited probably 10 seconds before cranking back the bait. I was intent on getting the line onto my reel evenly and was looking down when the whole rig was jerked out of my hands to the shallow water before me. I lunged forward, caught the now unmoving rod and reel, turned around and





crawled back to dry land.

I stared at the pool, which showed no physical difference, and wondered if some log had rolled downstream and snagged my line. Only for a moment did I dare allow myself the possibility that it might have been a fish. However, that speck of thoughtful encouragement soon graduated to a strong notion that my own private pool contained not only fish but probably the biggest trout this side of the mountains.

I hastily re-rigged (I have since learned what is hard for all fishermen to learn—deliberation), piled three or four of the pink salmon eggs on the hook and flailed the line out again. At the end of the cast, the eggs were in the sand in front of me and the hook deeply

imbedded in my wet pant leg. I struggled with it for a minute or two, interspersed by nervous glances at the still inviting pool, then took my jackknife and sawed out a neat two-inch square of cloth. I was heard quite emphatically about this later.

I cast again and this time the hook (with bait miraculously still on), line and sinker out somewhere near where the fish must have been. I was in a leaning forward position, extending my rod arm as far as I could as if in a somewhat friendly gesture. It didn't work. It never did work. I plunked the same arrangement another dozen times with no luck.

Finally, with the sun almost down and the forest noises getting louder, I decided it was time to backtra

to camp. I put away my gear, recrossed the side stream and headed up the steep, log-strewn incline to the road.

Midway up the slope I dropped my pack and went back to the stream side where a little bluff stuck out over my fishing hole. I cautiously peered over the edge and looked almost directly down into the spot of water I had so recently roiled with my crude line, and by all that's right, should have caught some fish. A log protruded from my side of the stream and just alongside it was a patch of visible sandy bottom. In the clean, flowing mountain water I could see five of the biggest fish I had as yet seen in my 10 years. They stayed in a kind of formation with an occasional shift from side to side and forward a little and back. My best guess was that they were all at least 20 inches long and as broad as barrel slats. I thought of setting up again but it was late and the woods at dark still held some shy terror for me. I watched another five minutes, resisting a temptation to toss in a stone to confirm that I wasn't dreaming. I figured if I saw them dart about, the more real they would seem.

Finally, I made my way back to the road and with thoughts of wildlife—bears to be exact—I arrived back in camp at a brisk trot.

In my adult years I often recall sitting on that bank and looking down at those fish. Although I

have fished for and caught just about everything, I'll always wonder what sort of finny thing might by chance, or by extraordinary lack of judgment, have attached itself to that line I was holding.

Now, I have three children of fishing age. One by one, as they grew old enough to hold a rod, I tried to interest them in fishing. No luck. One, at 13, would rather debate with the research director of IBM; another, a girl of 10, for awhile inspired me with the thought that I would have a daughter fisherman, but her interest soon has given way to Girl Scout cookies, makeup, and soon, I fear, boys. The third, a boy of six, is still a possibility but I hold little hope. At the moment he seems intent on becoming another Six Million Dollar Man.

I'm resigned to it now and only occasionally do I wish one of my kids had sat on that bank in late afternoon, wet and chilly, yet warmed to the bone just seeing those fish, smoothly and lazily cutting the underwater current. The moss underfoot was soft and the trees made their own peculiar wind instruments. I can't tell them, but it's more than fishing.

Alas, my mental picture now consists of three kids of various sizes and nomenclatures, all lined up at stream side on their Indian blankets, reading. And I, undaunted, trudge up the road, upstream, wondering how the fishing might be. □



# No Wikiwiki

by Shirley Parker

painting by Max Altekruise

I STILL DON'T KNOW her name. We found her somewhere on one of the Hawaiian islands. For that matter, we know exactly where, but that's our secret. A brown, wrinkled old lady with an impassive face, her still-dark hair curled quietly at the nape of her neck. She was sitting in the shade of a dusty hedge draped with bougainvillea, on a rickety wooden chair, on a forgotten road where few tourists ventured. They were in such a hurry to see all the sights that they missed the charm of Hawaii.

My husband and I had no more time than anyone else—just two weeks—but we were never in a hurry to *be* anywhere in Hawaii. We were having too much fun getting there to want to speed up. As the sign on an out-of-the-way restaurant said: "No Wikiwiki"—No Hurry.

I think that was how we found her. We were driving down sleepy, dusty, sunny roads, where hardly a leaf or blade of grass would have so much as rustled, had it not been for our passing. Mongoose families sunned themselves around every curve, but never were they vain enough to pose for a picture. I did see one near a stream while exploring on foot. He stared intently for a moment, long enough to so enchant me that I forgot to raise the camera. Then he was off, gliding through the long, morning-damp grass of the roadside.

Perhaps her name is Leilani or Kalua or Moana. As a young girl, she was assuredly beautiful and had many admirers. Now she lives alone in a little house surrounded by a well-kept garden. Every day she sits in the rickety wooden chair by the





hedge, with her bag of macadamia nuts and beads, her black-and-white cat dreaming under her chair. As she strings her leis, she waits ever patiently for the lost tourist.

Our feet noiseless in the dust, we walked past her, over to the ancient wooden church that clung timidly to itself nearby. In silence, we studied the faded murals on the inside. Once they had been beautiful, too.

Outside again, I moved over to a tiny bridge and stared down into a barely murmuring stream. The chirping and buzzing and humming of unseen insects seemed part of the silence. The absolute peace was overwhelming . . . and I began daydreaming about the place.

My husband had stopped to examine the leis and now, holding up one of them, called me quietly.

"Would you like one?"

Still daydreaming, I nodded and retraced my steps.

"How much?" I heard him ask the aged Hawaiian.

"One dol-la," was the reply.

He paid for the lei and placed it around my neck with a kiss. The old woman appeared not to notice, for her expression didn't change.

We didn't drive off immediately but sat in the car, soaking up the isolation and the sunshine. I knew that each of us was trying to imagine what her life here must be like and I heard myself exclaim:

"She must be so lonely! Hardly anyone comes here. How can she stand it?"

My husband shook his head.

"I don't think she *is* lonely. Look at the peace and the beauty and the privacy she has. How often have we longed for the same things?"

I looked at our Moana, busy again with her work and her memories. This was her home and we were the outsiders, privileged to share her world for a short while.

At the sound of the car engine, the cat jumped stiffly into her lap and she stopped working to stroke him. Good friends, living out their old age together. On impulse, we waved to her as we left and she smiled back at us. She smiled! A toothy, crooked, wonderful smile that lighted her entire face. Then, shyly, she raised one hand to us in farewell.

"Aloha!" I thought. "We'll always remember you. Aloha." □



# The New Fords

Mustang 

*Elite*

*Thunderbird*

  
MAVERICK

 *Pinto*

LTD

TORINO

*Granada*



# The Choice

It's that time again. The new Fords have arrived, and this special issue is our way of presenting them. They're all here: little cars, luxury cars and those in between. Whatever your

## Pinto



Pinto 2-Door



Pinto 3-Door Runabout



Pinto Wagon with Squire Option

## Mustang II



Mustang II Hardtop  
(Hardtop Stallion also available)



Mustang II Ghia



Mustang II 3-Door 2 + 2  
(Mach 1, 2 + 2 Stallion also available)

## Maverick



Maverick 4-Door



Maverick 2-Door with Stallion Option  
(Base 2-Door also available)

## Granada



Granada 4-Door  
(2-Door also available)

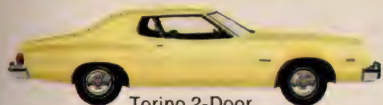


Granada Ghia 2-Door  
(4-Door also available)

# is Yours

preference, we think you'll find something that's worth a closer look. Whatever your preference, we think you'll find that Ford means value.

## Torino



Torino 2-Door  
(4-Door also available)



Gran Torino 4-Door  
(2-Door also available)



Gran Torino Brougham 2-Door  
(4-Door also available)



Gran Torino Squire  
(Torino, Gran Torino Wagons also available)

## Ford LTD



LTD 2-Door  
(4-Door also available)



LTD Brougham 4-Door  
(2-Door also available)



LTD Landau 2-Door  
(4-Door also available)



LTD Country Squire  
(LTD Wagon also available)

## Elite



## Thunderbird





# Granada

America's success car



**G**RANADA, THE MOST successful new car in the industry in 1975, enters the 1976-model year with new standard interior features, many new options, and a quieter, more comfortable ride.

There are four models in the lineup: Two- and Four-Door Granadas, and Two- and Four-Door Granada Ghias. Standard exterior equipment on Granada includes a chrome-plated luxury-style grille, full wheel covers, standup hood

ornament, and bright moldings. Two-door models also feature distinctive opera windows and exceptionally wide door openings for easy rear seat entry and exit.

Inside, Granada has a new vinyl bench seat and door panels, color-keyed cut-pile carpeting, burl woodtone applique on the instrument panel, and a large, locking glove box.

Standard functional equipment consists of a 200-CID Six (not



***Granada's vinyl bench seat***

available in California), three-speed manual transmission, solid-state ignition, steel-belted radial-ply tires, 19.2-gallon fuel tank and turn-signal-mounted wiper/washer control.

Additional items standard on Ghia models include left-hand remote-control outside mirror, color-keyed bodyside molding with

***Left: Granada Ghia Four-Door  
Below: Granada Two-Door***







**Granada Ghia Two-Door**

integral wheel-lip molding, full deluxe wheel covers and dual accent paint stripes on hood, body-side and decklid. Inside, Ghia

***Optional Ghia bucket seats with leather trim***



models feature flight bench seats with map pockets on the back of the front seats, luxury door trim panels, thick cut-pile carpeting, deluxe carpeted trunk and upgraded sound/ride packages.

New options for 1976 are speed control, tilt steering wheel, AM radio with stereo tape, Luxury Decor Option (Ghia Four-Door only), power door locks, heavy-duty suspension, console with warning lights for headlights on, door and trunk ajar and low fuel, automatic seat back release, interval windshield wipers and an automatic parking brake release. The last three are part of the optional Convenience Group.

Features of the new Luxury



*Ghia Four-Door with Luxury Decor Option*

Decor Option are exterior two-tone paint, lacy spoke cast aluminum wheels, and front and rear bumper rub strips with dual white stripe inserts. Inside, the option includes ribbed velour cloth and super-soft vinyl (leather seating surfaces available at extra cost), larger door arm-rests, rear seat center arm-rest, console with warning lights, luxury steering wheel, dual dome map lamp, and illuminated visor vanity mirror.

Other options include four-wheel power disc brakes, power seats, Traction-Lok axle, space-saver spare tire, and power moonroof.

Three other engines are available for Granada: a 250-CID Six, 302-CID V-8 and 351-CID V-8.

The three-speed manual transmission is standard with the Sixes and the 302 V-8. SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission is optional with the 250, 302 and standard with the 351.

Granada models pictured on these pages feature one or more of the following options:

Deluxe Bumper Group, white sidewall tires, bodyside and decklid accent molding, bodyside and decklid paint stripes, vinyl-insert bodyside molding, rocker panel molding, vinyl roof, bucket seats, leather-wrapped steering wheel, power windows, AM/FM stereo radio, Visibility Group, leather seating surfaces, Luxury Decor Option.



**T**HE FORD LTD was Ford's best-selling car line in the 1975-model year. For 1976, it continues to offer a lineup designed to appeal to a large segment of new-car buyers.

The full-sized Ford LTD's popularity may be attributed to years of experience and quality workmanship, roomy interiors that are

luxurious and quiet, a comfortable ride, and large luggage compartments for family and business use.

This year's lineup features eight models. They are the Two- and Four-Door LTD, Two- and Four-Door LTD Brougham and Two- and Four-Door LTD Landau. Two station wagons are available: LTD and Country Squire (see wagon



article, page 42).

The 1976 Fords offer new colors and trims inside and out, and new functional and appearance options. Improvements have been made to the decklid and ignition switch locks for anti-theft protection.

Basic power is supplied by a 351-CID V-8 engine (400-CID V-8 and 460-CID V-8 engines are op-

tional). Other standard functional equipment: power steering, power front disc brakes, SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission, steel-belted radial-ply tires. There's also a 24.3-gallon fuel tank (32.3 with the optional 8-gallon extended range fuel tank) and a deep-well trunk that provides 21.9 cubic feet of luggage space.

The standard interior on base LTD models features cut-pile carpeting, "Front Room" right passenger area, full-length padded arm-rests, and woodtone appliques on instrument and door trim panels. Outside, LTDs come with vinyl-insert bodyside moldings, hood ornament and bright moldings.

Additional standard features on Brougham models include full-



*Left: LTD Landau Two-Door. Below: Landau all-vinyl flight bench seat*







Above: LTD Brougham Four-Door. Below: LTD Two-Door





*Brougham cloth bench seat*

wheel covers, electric clock, color keyed deluxe belts, vinyl roof (Two-Door models have a new half-roof treatment), and a knit-cloth-trimmed bench seat with fold-down center arm-rest. Models of the top-of-the-line Landau also come with hidden headlamps, front cornering lamps, Convenience



*LTD's standard cloth interior*

Group, rear bumper guards, quartz crystal digital clock and wide color-keyed vinyl-insert bodyside moldings. A flight bench seat and luxurious seat and door trim highlight Landau's interior.

New optional equipment includes four-wheel power disc brakes, adjustable level air shock absorbers, Harmony Color Group (dual-tone paint/tape treatment) on the Brougham and Landau series and an AM/FM stereo search radio. Other new options: an engine block heater and a half-vinyl roof on the base LTD Two-Door.

All models also are available with options designed to provide added driving comfort. These include SelectAire Conditioning, Fingertip Speed Control and tilt steering column.

The optional Landau Luxury Group now features split bench seats in a choice of luxury cashmere-like knit cloth or super-soft vinyl trim.

Ford LTD models pictured on these pages feature one or more of the following options:

Harmony Color Group, Landau Luxury Group, color-keyed wheel covers, white sidewall tires, power seat, power windows, Fingertip Speed Control, AM/FM stereo, SelectAire Conditioner, Deluxe Bumper Group, deluxe wheel covers, half vinyl roof, full wheel covers, color-keyed deluxe belts, Convenience Group.



# Pinto

The tough, small economy car that's fun



*Pinto Runabout with Squire Option*



*Alpine cloth interior*

**P**INTO, AMERICA'S best-selling subcompact in 1975, offers a new front-end appearance, and new sporty interior and exterior option packages for 1976.

Pinto is available as a Two-Door Sedan, Three-Door Runabout and Station Wagon (see wagon article, page 42). Designed for the fuel-conscious buyer, each comes with a 2.3-liter four-cylinder engine and a four-speed manual transmission with floor shift. A special equipment-restricted, fuel-economy Two-Door also is available.

For buyers who favor the convenience of an automatic

transmission, there's the optional SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic. Also offered as optional equipment is a peppy 2.8-liter V-6 engine, which teams with SelectShift and power brakes.

Pinto's new front-end appearance features an argent-painted grille, bright headlight doors, bright front-lip hood molding and "FORD" letters centered on the hood. For the first time, buyers have a choice of all-vinyl or sporty cloth and vinyl seat trim on the standard level interiors. Additional standard features include front bucket seats, color-keyed carpeting and padded vinyl door trim, bright molding, solid-state ignition, front disc brakes and rack-and-pinion steering. The Runabout also features a lift-up rear door with large rear glass area, and a fold-down rear seat.

A new Squire option for the Runabout provides woodgrain vinyl paneling on the bodyside and lower back panel. Pinto Stallion, another new appearance option, includes a special paint/tape treatment, dual outside mirrors, styled steel wheels, raised white letter bias-ply tires and handling suspension.

Highlights of the new Luxury Decor Group option are low-back seats, deluxe seat trim with cloth or vinyl inserts, deluxe door trim panels, custom steering wheel, upgraded sound package and vinyl-

insert bodyside molding.

Pinto models pictured on these pages feature one or more of the following options:

Protection Group, Squire Option, white sidewall tires, forged aluminum wheels, color-keyed remote-control outside mirrors, AM/FM stereo radio, SelectShift, Stallion Option, sunroof.



*Runabout with Stallion Option and cloth and vinyl high-back seats*





# Maverick

The proven family compact



*Maverick Four-Door with Exterior Decor Group*

**F**ORD'S DEPENDABLE and economical Maverick keeps its basic design for 1976 and offers functional changes as well as a list

#### *Optional Interior Decor Group*



of new options.

Two models are available—the Two-Door and Four-Door Sedans. New for 1976 is the sporty optional Stallion package for the Two-Door.

The standard power team for Maverick is a 200-CID Six (not available in California) and fully synchronized three-speed manual transmission with column shift. SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission is optional. Buyers may also select the 250-CID Six or the 302-CID V-8; both are available with three-speed manual or Select-Shift.

Functional changes for '76 include the addition of manual front disc brakes and a foot-operated

parking brake as standard equipment. As a running change during the '75 model year, fuel tank capacity was increased from 16 to 19.2 gallons; the new Maverick retains that capacity. The grille has been modified to a horizontal bar design with center vertical divider bar.

Additional features standard on Maverick models include cloth and vinyl bench seat trim in a random stripe pattern, cut-pile carpeting, all-vinyl door trim panels color-keyed to the interior, and solid state ignition.

Highlighting the new Maverick options is the sporty, youth-oriented Stallion dress-up package. It features black grille and moldings, a special black paint/tape treatment, dual outside color-keyed

mirrors, styled steel wheels, raised white letter radial-ply tires and handling suspension.

Other new options are stereo tape players with AM or AM/FM radios, a distinctive two-tone lower body paint treatment on the Luxury Decor Option, plaid cloth trim for bucket seats, bodyside/roof paint stripes for Two-Doors, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  and halo vinyl roof treatments for Two- and Four-Door models, respectively. The popular Luxury Decor Option also has been upgraded.

Maverick models pictured on these pages feature one or more of the following options:

Exterior Decor Group, white sidewall tires, Deluxe Bumper Group, Interior Decor Group, Stallion Option, forged aluminum wheels.

#### *Maverick Two-Door with Stallion Option*





# Mustang II

Small, sporty and personal



*Mustang II Ghia with half-vinyl roof*

**M**USTANG II enters the 1976-model year as America's best-selling small specialty car.

Mustang II carries over the four models that proved so popular last year: Two-Door Hardtop, Three-Door 2 + 2, Mach 1 and Ghia. New for 1976 are the Hard-

top Stallion and the 2 + 2 Stallion. All but the Mach 1 come with a 2.3-liter four-cylinder engine and four-speed manual transmission. Mach 1's engine is a 2.8-liter V-6 (optional on other models). Buyers may also order the optional 302-CID V-8. SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission is optional with the four-cylinder and V-6, standard with the V-8.

The Mustang II Hardtop comes with color-keyed urethane-coated bumpers, European-type rear tail-lights, wheel covers and wheel-lip moldings. Inside, there's plush, color-keyed cut-pile carpeting, low-back all-vinyl front bucket seats, and instrumentation that includes tachometer, speedometer, ammeter, fuel and temperature gauges. Functional equipment includes solid-state ignition, rack-

*Ghia Luxury Group interior*





*Mustang II 2 + 2 Stallion with Tu-Tone paint*

and-pinion steering, front disc brakes, and turn-signal-mounted wiper/washer controls.

The 2 + 2 also has a fold-down rear seat. Additional standard features on the Mach 1 are steel-belted radial-ply tires, color-keyed remote control outside mirrors, rear tape and fender decals, black paint on lower bumpers, lower bodyside and between rear taillamps with trim bodyside molding between the body color and black paint. Ghia comes with color-keyed deluxe belts, bodyside molding, vinyl roof (full or half) and deluxe wheel covers.

Highlights of the new Stallions are styled steel wheels and a special black paint treatment.

Mustang II models pictured on these pages feature one or more of the following options:

Ghia Luxury group, SelectShift, Luxury Interior Group, wide band white sidewall tires, color-keyed remote control outside mirrors, raised white letter tires, forged aluminum wheels, front and rear bumper guards, Tu-Tone paint, Stallion decal.

*Luxury Interior Group with new colorful plaid cloth*





# Torino

Full-size value in a mid-size car



*Gran Torino's standard cloth and vinyl interior*



**T**ORINO, FORD'S solid mid-size, offers a revised model lineup, new optional equipment for 1976.

Nine models are available. They are two- and four-door models for Torino, Gran Torino and Gran Torino Brougham, and station wagons in the Torino, Gran Torino and Gran Torino Squire series (see wagon article, page 42).

Standard features on base Torino models include a 351-CID V-8 engine, SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic

transmission, power steering, power brakes, solid state ignition, wiper-mounted washer jets and steel-belted radial-ply tires. Inside, there are front bench seats with adjustable head restraints, color-keyed cut-pile carpeting, and cloth and vinyl seat trim with vinyl door trim panels.

Gran Torino models also feature bright rocker panel and wheel-lip moldings, and pleated cloth and vinyl seat trim. Brougham models



*Above: Gran Torino Four-Door. Right: optional all-vinyl bucket seats with console and floor shift*

have the following additional standard equipment: vinyl roof and color-keyed vinyl-insert bodyside moldings, deluxe wheel covers, standup hood ornament and opera windows (Two-Door). Inside, Brougham models come with a split bench seat trimmed in Westminster cloth or all vinyl, dual







*Torino Two-Door*

fold-down arm-rests, deluxe two-spoke steering wheel, thick cut-pile carpeting, color-keyed seat belts and a clock.

New options for 1976 include bucket seats/console available on the Gran Torino Two-Door, and an engine block heater. Opera window availability has been extended to the Torino Two-Door, and the automatic parking brake release has been added to the optional Convenience Group. Buyers will be able to choose from a paint selection that includes six new exterior colors; also added this year are two new vinyl roof colors—red and silver.

Torino and Gran Torino models

are now available with a handsome saddle interior; a new red interior is offered on Gran Torino and Brougham models.

*Torino's standard cloth interior*





*Gran Torino Brougham Four-Door*

Optional engines are a 400-CID V-8 and a 460-CID V-8. Both come with SelectShift. Optional power-assisted equipment available in-

*Brougham cloth split bench seat*



cludes a sun roof, six-way seat, side windows and door locks.

Torino models pictured on these pages feature one or more of the following options:

Bucket seats, color-keyed remote-control outside mirrors, opera windows, vinyl roof, color-keyed deluxe belts, left-hand remote control outside mirror, Select-Aire Conditioner, front bumper guards, vinyl-insert bodyside molding, white sidewall tires, luxury wheel covers, Convenience Group, dual accent paint stripes, Deluxe Bumper Group, deluxe wheel covers, electric rear window defroster, AM/FM stereo, Fingertip Speed Control.





*Elite Two-Door Hardtop*

**T**HE ELITE is a personal luxury car with fine car styling, yet a mid-size-car price. For 1976, Elite offers subtle appearance changes and optional equipment revisions.

Elite is an elegant car with an impressive list of standard features. It comes with 351-CID V-8 engine, SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission, power steering, power front disc brakes, 15-inch steel-belted radial-ply tires, solid-

state ignition and windshield-wiper-mounted washer jets. Exterior appearance items include a vinyl roof, color-keyed vinyl-insert bodyside moldings and dual opera windows.

Inside, there is a bench seat trimmed in pleated knit cloth and vinyl, color-keyed cut-pile carpeting on the floor and lower door panels, a clock and a deluxe two-spoke steering wheel. Woodtone



appliques add elegance to the instrument panel, steering wheel and door panels.

A new half-vinyl roof is available at no extra charge. Bucket seats with console are offered as a new option; they come with floor-mounted shift. Other new options are an automatic parking brake release, electric decklid release, turbine cast aluminum wheels, AM/FM stereo search radio and



*Optional all-vinyl bucket seats and console*

engine block heater.

Elite's optional Interior Decor Group provides split-bench seats, fold-down center arm-rests, luxury knit or all-vinyl seat and door trim, thick cut-pile carpeting, performance and instrumentation gauges, visor vanity mirror, dual note horn, automatic seat back release, color-keyed deluxe belts.

Optional V-8 engines for Elite are the 400-CID and the 460-CID; both come with SelectShift.

Elite models pictured on these pages feature one or more of the following options:

Power moonroof, color-keyed remote control outside mirrors, dual accent paint stripes, wire wheel covers, white sidewall tires, Deluxe Bumper Group, Interior Decor Group, bucket seats, AM/FM stereo, left-hand remote-control outside mirror, power sunroof, electric rear window defroster.



# Thunderbird

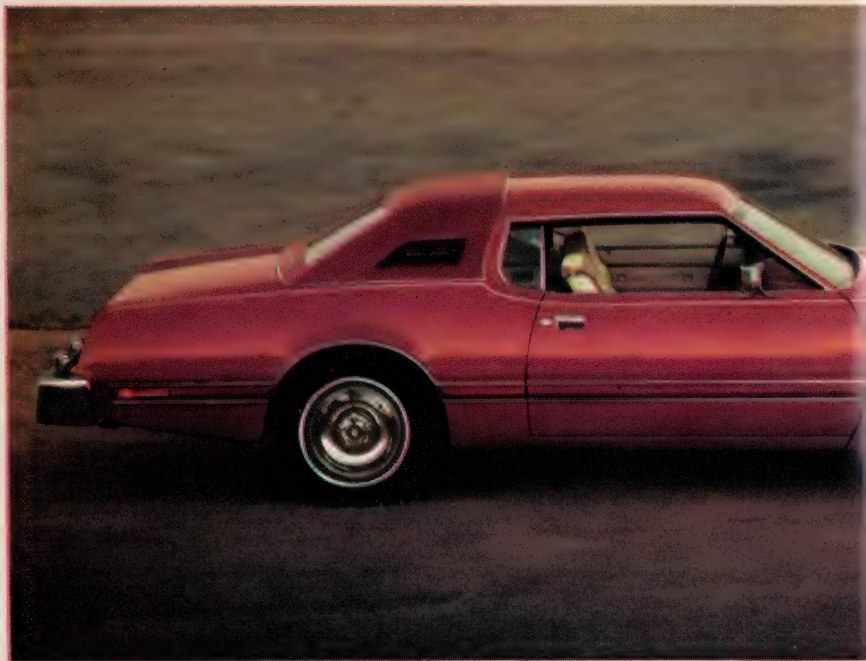
Personal luxury car

**T**HUNDERBIRD is designed for the buyer who appreciates the styling, value and comfort of a personal luxury car. It enters the 1976-model year with standard equipment such as opera windows, vinyl roof, vinyl-insert bodyside moldings, steel-belted radial-ply tires and solid-state ignition.

Inside, there's 24-ounce cut-pile carpeting, SelectAire Conditioning and an AM radio. For driving convenience, Thunderbird also comes with power steering, power front

disc brakes and power windows. The standard engine is a 460-CID V-8.

In 1976, Thunderbird offers three new option groups for extra elegance: the Bordeaux Luxury Group, Creme and Gold Luxury Group and Lipstick Luxury Group. The first includes Bordeaux starfire paint, fully padded half-vinyl roof in silver or medium red, wide bodyside moldings matching the vinyl roof, dual hood and bodyside paint stripes and wire wheel



covers. A choice of red leather or red Media velour seating surfaces is offered, and the luggage compartment features a deluxe trim.

The Creme and Gold Luxury Group offers a two-tone paint treatment of gold starfire paint on the bodyside, and creme paint as an accent on the hood, deck, greenhouse and bodyside molding. The padded half-vinyl roof is gold, and a gold Thunderbird emblem in the opera window adds a finishing touch to the exterior.



Inside, buyers have a choice of two-tone creme and gold leather or gold Media velour seating surfaces, and the right-hand instrument panel is finished with a gold-tone applique. Deep-dish aluminum wheels and a deluxe luggage compartment trim complete the package.

The Lipstick Luxury Group consists of lipstick red paint, white paint stripes, a red full or half-vinyl roof, white all-vinyl or vinyl/leather seat trim, and red carpeting and interior components. Additional features include wire wheel covers and deluxe luggage compartment trim.

Thunderbird models pictured on these pages feature one or more of the following options:

Lipstick Luxury Group, power door locks, Convenience Group, power antenna, electric rear window defroster, deep dish aluminum wheels, white sidewall tires.

*Lipstick Luxury Group adds elegance inside and out*





# Wagons

Comfort, spaciousness and versatility



*Clockwise, from top: LTD Country Squire, Pinto Wagon with Squire Option, Gran Torino Squire*

**F**ORD'S new station wagons and Econoline Club Wagon are designed for people on the go.

Six station wagon models are available in 1976. There are two in the Ford line, three in Torino and one in Pinto.

The Ford models, LTD Wagon and Country Squire, combine

spaciousness with the smooth, quiet ride that full-sized Fords are famous for. Standard equipment includes a 400-CID V-8 engine, SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission, power steering, and power front disc brakes. Other standard features are Three-Way Magic Doorgate, spare tire extractor,

solid-state ignition and front and rear bumper guards.

The Country Squire also comes with hidden headlamps, full wheel covers, cargo area light, electric clock, color-keyed deluxe belts and woodgrain vinyl paneling on bodysides and tailgate.

Ford wagons seat up to eight passengers (with optional dual-facing rear seats). The cargo area provides 94.6 cubic feet of storage space with rear seats down. In addition, there's 9.1 cubic feet of lockable underfloor storage space (5.4 cubic feet with dual-facing rear seats).

Numerous options are available on Ford wagons, including a wide selection of interior trim choices topped by the Landau Luxury Group with leather.

Torino wagons are offered in three models: Torino Wagon, Gran Torino Wagon and Gran Torino Squire. All come with power steering, power front disc brakes and Three-Way Magic Doorgate. The standard power team consists of a 351-CID V-8 engine and Select-Shift Cruise-O-Matic transmission. (400-CID and 460-CID V-8 engines are optional.) Both the Gran Torino Wagon and Squire come with pleated vinyl seat trim and coordinated door trim panels. The Squire also features a power tailgate window, full-wheel covers, and woodgrain vinyl paneling on bodysides and tailgate with

side rails.

Torino wagons have room for six passengers (eight with the optional rear facing third seat available on Gran Torino and Squire). With rear seats folded down, there's 84.9 cubic feet of storage space. An underfloor compartment provides an added 8.1 cubic feet.

Offered only on the Squire, the Brougham Option consists of these fine features: split bench seats with fold-down center armrests, luxurious vinyl seat and door trim, thick cut-pile carpeting and standup hood ornament and clock.

The Pinto Wagon is the best-selling wagon around, big or small. It seats four passengers and comes with 2.3-liter four-cylinder engine and four-speed manual transmission. A 2.8-liter V-6 is optional; it teams with SelectShift and power brakes.

***Gran Torino Wagon's standard  
Three-Way Magic Doorgate***







*Econoline Club Wagon*

Pinto also features rack-and-pinion steering, front disc brakes and a tight turning diameter that makes this an exceptionally maneuverable wagon. A lift-up rear tailgate allows easy access to the carpeted load floor. With the rear seat folded down, Pinto provides nearly 60 cubic feet of storage space.

Popular options available on Pinto Wagon include SelectAire Conditioning, AM/FM stereo radio and the Squire Option.

Ford introduced its redesigned Club Wagon midway through the 1975 model year. The new body-on-frame construction helps reduce noise and vibration. To provide more room up front and improve serviceability, the engine and front axle have been moved forward. Refinements in color and option packages for 1976 make the Club Wagon an attractive buy.

Optional seating arrangements accommodate up to 12 passengers. Club Wagon interiors approach passenger car levels of style and comfort, topped by the optional high-back Captain's Chairs for driver and front passenger.

Standard equipment includes power front disc brakes and solid state ignition.

Wagons pictured on these pages feature one or more of the following options:

Captain's Chairs, Tu-Tone paint, white sidewall tires, low-mount Western mirrors, 12-passenger Chateau trim, Squire Option, luggage rack, Protection Group, Brougham Option, color-keyed remote-control outside mirrors, Deluxe Bumper Group, luxury wheel covers, deluxe luggage rack, Convenience Group, vinyl-insert bodyside molding, color-keyed wheel covers, tinted glass.

# Fuel Economy, Maintenance Benefits

**F**ORD'S 1976-MODEL cars are designed for the value-conscious buyer. Owning a new Ford can provide benefits in several areas; two are fuel economy and scheduled maintenance.

Ford has been conducting an extensive program to provide high gas mileage. Last June, for example, the company introduced Pinto MPG and Mustang II MPG, equipped with 2.3 liter-engines and 4-speed manual transmissions, which were rated at 34 miles per gallon in the government's highway dynamometer test, and 23 in the city test. Of course the mileage you get will vary with road conditions, type of driving and optional equipment.

At Ford's 1976 Technical News Conference, newsmen participated in a special fuel economy run involving prototypes of the company's 1976 small cars. Every writer who drove a new Pinto and Mustang II (equipped with a 2.3-liter engine and a 4-speed manual transmission) or a Maverick and Granada (equipped with 200-CID engine and a 3-speed manual transmission) beat the 1975 EPA highway mileage for that car.

With no new emission standards for 1976, the company devoted its full effort to increasing engine operating efficiency. Ford recalibrated its engines for opti-

mum spark timing and carburetion. In addition, all 1976 Ford cars feature catalytic converters.

Ford also placed numerically lower rear axle ratios in most of its cars. Besides improving fuel economy, the lower ratios reduce engine noise and extend engine life. In yet another step to increase gas mileage, Ford increased compression ratios on its 2.3-liter four-cylinder engine and its 2.8-liter V-6.

Many new Ford cars also feature a more sophisticated exhaust gas recirculation (EGR) system. Along with controlling oxides of nitrogen, the system helps the engine operate more efficiently.

*Final government fuel-economy figures for Ford's 1976 models were not available at press time. See your local Ford dealer for complete gas mileage information.*





Maintenance schedules for Ford's 1976 models provide additional value. Compared with schedules for 1972 models (today's average new-car buyer trades in a four-year-old model), they can result in a 46 per cent reduction in average estimated cost for scheduled maintenance under normal driving.

For example, an average driver who follows the maintenance schedule for a 1972 Ford with a 351-CID engine would pay about \$136 a year. The schedule for a similarly equipped 1976 model cuts the estimated cost to about \$74.

Compared with 1972-model schedules, the schedule for Ford's new cars eliminates recommended maintenance on more than 10 items for the life of the car. One example is distributor cap and rotor replacement, which was scheduled every 24,000 miles in 1972.

In addition, service intervals on

more than 25 items have been extended during the four-year period. The routine carburetor-air cleaner replacement has gone from 12,000 miles in 1972 to a 1976 schedule of each 20,000 or 30,000 miles, depending on the engine. The recommended replacement of radiator coolant was extended from 24,000 to 40,000 miles.

In 1972, fuel filter replacement was recommended every 12,000 miles. Now it's called for only once—the first 10,000 miles.

The installation of electronic ignition on all of the company's models has made possible spark plug replacement intervals of 15,000 or 20,000 miles, depending on the engine installed. Previously, cars with conventional ignition systems called for spark plug replacement every 12,000 miles.

Tune-ups on Ford cars no longer include replacement of the familiar "points and condenser." The electronic ignition has eliminated those parts from the car.

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## Come On In Help Us Celebrate

Now that you've had an opportunity to read about and look over some of our new, exciting, value-packed Ford cars for 1976, we'd like you to join in the new model year celebration going on right now in your local Ford dealer's showroom. He has all of the new models ready for your inspection. And, he's eager to show you why, in 1976, *Ford Means Value*.



# The She's Have It!

In Charleston, South Carolina, lady crabs make the best soup

by H. Lea Lawrence

illustrations by Robert Boston

**Y**OU CAN HEAR IT in the Battery area of Old Charleston and if it is your first visit to this South Carolina coastal city, awakening to the sound will be strange, to say the least. Not a rude awakening; just the disorientation which accompanies swimming out of a deep sleep to a high, almost soprano chant:

"Porgy walk, Porgy talk, Porgy eat wid knife and fawk! Porgie . . . e . . . e!! Swimpy, raw, raw—raw craibs—SHE-EE CRAIB!! SHE-EE CRAIB!"

As you lie in bed with the breeze blowing in from the harbor and ruffling the curtains, it seems in those first fuzzy moments that you



must have inadvertently left the television set on last night.

No such thing. It is daybreak and the seafood criers of Old Charleston are on the move, their singsong voices—an alarm clock which is almost as old as the city itself—reaching the knowing ears along places like Rainbow Row.

Housewives in Detroit, Atlanta, Chicago, New York or Boston may begin their shopping at any time of the day; Charleston housewives begin when the seafood criers appear, for it is then, and only then, that the freshest delicacies are available. It is true that the wares offered can be bought later in the day at the local markets, but in addition to the advantages of freshness, there is the matter of tradition to be considered.

It is natural that the early-bird sounds of the criers are surprising to the uninitiated, and the words "she craib" are surely baffling. They mean "she crab," of course, but this is still puzzling. After all, crabs are crabs—or are they? Quite a knotty problem for so early in the day!

Actually, as in many other cases, sex makes a big difference in this instance, for lady crabs have a little something that the males don't possess. And that little something is the basis for one of the most delicious dishes ever set before a seafood lover: she-crab soup.

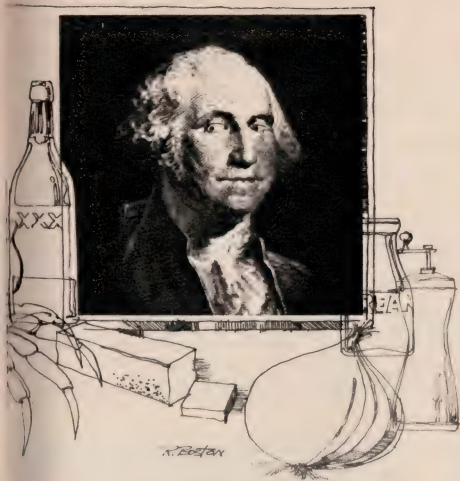
The key to this Low-Country delight is the roe of the female



crab, and this one ingredient renders the taste entirely different from that of soup made from "he-crabs." The roe must be immature and unfertilized, so careful selection is required. All roe, immature or mature, is generally discarded when crabs are picked commercially.

Because crabs are highly prolific, the loss of roe poses no threat to the population. Too, the species is widely distributed, but it is only in this coastal area of South Carolina where this special dish is prepared to any extent.

There is a colorful history to this unique recipe. The rich, flavorful soup became one of George Washington's favorites during his visit to Charleston in 1790. He sang its praises as far north as New England on his return trip. Gourmets from all over the world have made special trips to Charleston just to



sample she-crab soup, and a prominent Tennessean drives to the city several times a year, eats his fill of the soup, then carries back a dozen or so thermos bottles full for a feast back home. There are thousands of people all over the country who consider Charleston and she-crab soup synonymous.

At locations where fresh ingredients can be obtained, the recipe is as follows:

#### SHE-CRAB SOUP

- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 teaspoon flour
- 1 quart milk
- 2 cups white crab meat and crab eggs
- Few drops onion juice
- $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon mace
- $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon pepper
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt
- 4 tablespoons dry sherry
- $\frac{1}{4}$  pint cream (whipped)

Melt butter in top of double boiler and blend flour in until smooth. Add the milk gradually, stirring constantly. To this add crab meat and eggs and all seasoning except sherry. Cook slowly over hot water for 20 minutes. To serve, place one tablespoon of warmed sherry in each individual bowl, then add soup and top with whipped cream. Sprinkle with paprika or finely chopped parsley. Secret: If unable to obtain she-crabs, crumble yolk of hard-boiled eggs in bottom of soup bowls. Serves 4-6.

Still another secret, and a better one: the Blue Channel Company of Port Royal, South Carolina, now cans she-crab soup, and it is available in many grocery stores and by direct mail. Using this product guarantees authentic ingredients, and it simplifies preparation. Only the warmed sherry, whipped cream and paprika or chopped parsley are needed.

Additionally, she-crab soup can be used as a sauce over vegetables or rice with the following recipe:

- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chive cream cheese
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup milk
- 1 10-ounce can Harris Atlantic She-Crab Soup

Heat until bubbly. Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice and pour over vegetables or rice.

The trouble is that they don't can seafood criers or the atmosphere of Old Charleston. That's what makes "on-the-spot" she-crab soup more exciting. □



**T**HE LUSTY MALE WOLVERINE, in his splendid prime, was rollicking effortlessly through deep, powder-dry snow. His broad paws, fur-soled for winter, and longer hind legs carried him along in the characteristic humpbacked gait of the weasel family. Except for the groan of a laden branch, crashing down

## The Wolverine: Nature's Mean Machine

by Helen Evetts

paintings by Max Altekruise



under an overweight of snow, there was tranquil silence in the Rocky Mountain solitude.

The questing wolverine found a sheltered place to rest under the overhanging roots of a fallen spruce. He shook snow from his rich brown coat, with its chestnut stripe from shoulder to tail and chestnut patch on the chest. And, circling like a dog making its bed, he snuggled down under the protecting roots, knowing he couldn't be surprised from the rear.

He had been on a hunting excursion. Now he was returning to the frozen lakes and rivers, where the female wolverines take their three-quarters-grown cubs in October. Born in May or June, the young would be learning to take care of themselves and in March their mothers would mate again.

No one—trapper, hunter, or naturalist—impugns the wolverine's courage. Some say they'd rather face a mother bear in her den than a female wolverine with cubs; she's a tigress in their defense. But the wolverine is classified as a thief and glutton and it's said he has as insatiable a curiosity as Kipling's Elephant's Child.

Although he has such a bad reputation and is the largest of the *Mustelinae*, *Gulo luscus* (half-blind glutton) is not a big animal. He stands 12 inches at the shoulder and weighs from 17 to 34 pounds, but he's powerfully built. In the Rockies he goes by the descriptive name, skunk bear. And, at first glimpse of the broad head, short-cropped ears, and bearlike paws, he could be mistaken for a small black bear. But he walks on his toes, not, like the bears, on the whole foot. The slightly humped hind quarters and an eight-inch bushy, switching





tail are reminiscent of a big skunk.

When he awoke, the wolverine was ravenous. He'd found no buckshee carrion for some days, and it had been hard, meagerly rewarding work digging out small rodents. In summer, they were plentiful and easy to catch, but now they were tunneling in deep snow. And the young foxes, so easy to dig out of the earth in spring, sometimes along with the vixens, were full grown and swift on their feet. He heard the soft swish-swish of snowshoes and sat up on his haunches, trying to make out the large moving object, black against the sun.

He crept forward, a dark shadow among the trees, and sniffed at the wide tracks. Man. His nose didn't deceive him and that scent meant danger, but also food for a cunning predator. He followed, stalking the unsuspecting trapper and watching him set a line of mink traps along the bank of a little icebound stream.

As soon as the man was out of sight, he stole the bait from the first trap. Then he methodically broke or buried the sticks. Soon after the trapper got back to his cabin, the last of his carefully set traps had been demolished and the baits eaten or cached for another meal.

When he set out next morning, the trapper was not aware he was being watched. But the previous evening, the curious wolverine had backtracked him to the hut and now saw an opportunity to break in. The cabin was stoutly built, of logs as thick as a man's thigh, but the wolverine is equipped with a fearsome set of teeth; nature has given him four extra premolars. As soon as the man disappeared among the trees, the dauntless little beast began to gnaw his way in. Choosing the thin end of the weakest log he could find, snarling and growling with impatience and frustration, he persevered while the blood from his jaws stained the logs and the trampled snow. When the last slivers gave, he thrust his way into the cabin.

The mischievous wolverine played havoc with the hut's contents. The young trapper thought he'd stored his possessions out of reach of any predator, but he hadn't yet tangled with a wolverine. With a clatter that made him jump back growling, the intruder knocked a Dutch oven and household tools off a low shelf. Well-equipped for climbing, with strong semiretractile claws, he scrambled to a higher shelf, loaded with bags of flour and beans, and toppled them over. From the shelf he threw himself at a bundle of jerky slung from the roof by a stout cord. He



landed squarely and hung on till he'd bitten through the rope, and fell to the floor with his trove. He dragged it outside and, ripping open the bundle, gorged himself.

In and out of the cabin he went, trailing burst bags of dry goods behind him, scattering the contents and spoiling everything. Even blankets were dragged off the bunk, taken outside, and hidden before he went off to sleep off his meal.

A full moon was rising when he crawled from his resting place and set off towards the by now hard-frozen river where he'd found last year's mate. He heard the yelping of hunting wolves,



which suddenly turned to savage baying as they caught up with their quarry, and he made a wide detour to avoid them. Though he'd once driven an old wolf off a caribou carcass, he'd keep well away from the pack. Besides he was on his way home.

The wolverine was travelling through heavily trapped country, where men had had to devise tricks to outwit sly wolverines. When he came on a tall spruce, with something dangling from one of its branches, his inquisitive nature made him inspect it, although he wasn't hungry. The Indian who'd cached his furs here was wise to wolverine ways; he'd fixed two little bells onto his property. And, as the branch swayed under the animal's weight, they tinkled brightly. Alarmed, he jumped down and fled.

He had seen his mother caught in a steel trap. He'd run beside her as she dragged the trap or carried it in her strong jaws, running three-legged, mile after exhausting mile. He'd watched her bite off her foot above the claws. And he had smelled the trail of blood as he followed her.

Tobogganing down a steep slope on his stomach he crossed the fresh trail of another wolverine. The tracks were smaller than his own and he followed them eagerly. From below came deep-throated, coughing barks, growls, and whining complaints, mingled with a wolverine's exasperated snarling. At the bottom of the incline a black bear was standing over the half-eaten carcass of a moose, defending himself and his kill from the small fury that seemed to attack from all directions. He knew one blow of his powerful forearm, with its formidable sickle claws, could rip the little pest wide open, but she moved too fast for him. When an avalanche of snow and another savage demon landed at his rear, the bear lumbered off, bawling peevishly.

With her opponent gone, the female wolverine turned on the stranger. The male froze as she feinted at him with a great show of snapping teeth and drawn-back lips. She ran at him as if to attack, swerved, and jumped away. He followed her in a wild chase through the trees. She scrambled up a big fir, only to flop back into the snowy featherbed. The male caught up with her and they romped like carefree puppies.

For months the two would live and hunt together—probably until the female roamed off by herself to find some sheltered hollow or cave, where she could have her young. The male might stay nearby and help rear the cubs, or, if he were a loner, wander away to live a bachelor life until the next mating season. □



"When Are  
You  
Leaving?"

"Right Now."

A wonderful Maine island on an October day

THE CITY WAS too hot for the season, mid-October, and I felt cheated out of fall. This incongruous heat and humidity which hung over Boston like a suffocating blanket seemed more like the stale dog days than Indian summer. I wanted out. I wanted to lean into a slanting salt breeze, to see the crest of a crashing wave spin off and catch

a shaft of sunlight. So we made a quick decision: let's go. My husband and I were on the road by 5 a.m., a pair of happy fugitives. Four and one half hours later we were on the wharves of the town dock in Stonington, Maine, calling down to the captain of the Isle Au Haut mailboat:

"When are you leaving?"

by Kathryn Lasky Knight

photos by Christopher Knight





"Right now."

"Room for two more?"

"Ay-uh."

We swung our backpacks down onto the deck of the boat and jumped aboard. The boat slipped her mooring lines and a crisp wind ruffled my hair. I put on a knit cap to keep warm. What a delight! Trying to keep warm after Boston! The mailboat bit into the choppy seas and soon on either side of us low pine-clad islands with funny names like Potato, Crotch and Wreck popped up from behind cresting waves. We were headed for Isle Au Haut, a beautiful island outpost of Acadia National Park.

Forty-five minutes later we disembarked and started hiking toward Western Head on the other end of the island. We followed a tar road until it turned to dirt at a point called Frog Hollow. Then the dirt road plunged into a forest thick with mystery and quiet surprises at every turn.

Quite suddenly we came upon a deer, and because we were down wind, he was not frightened by our scent. So we stood very quietly, and watched each other and shared the stillness of the forest for a minute before the creature bounded off deeper into the woods. We kept walking on the dirt road for a half mile and then took the cut-

*Little tidal pools  
reflect the calm  
side of the sea's disposition*

off through dense pine trees at a sign pointing towards Western Head.

Island forests are full of pleasant ironies where land and sea weave together in a most amazing way. The scent of salt air driven through pine is a constant reminder of this special combination and the deeper we went into the forest the more enchanted I was. We came upon an odd piece of driftwood blown into the heart of the forest by a winter's gale—for a split second it seemed to possess all the rancor and aggression of a charging bull's head. All through the woods among the mossy headed rocks and along the streams we saw delicate ferns, no longer green, but bending like silvery old ladies to the salt-and-pine breezes of the forest.

We reached Western Head by lunch time and scrambled down the rocks with the crabmeat sandwiches and beer we had bought in Stonington. The sea was calm, the day almost windless. Little tidal pools, each a microcosm of sea life, sparkled fiercely in the noon sun like oddly cut gems. There was not a curl of white on the water, nor a hint of a crashing wave. The jagged coast seemed to lie waiting for an easterly wind to whip its adversary into boiling surf. But rocks are very patient, and people, too, be-

*Half-buried hulk is a  
reminder of more violent  
sea antics*





come patient on islands. Overhead a fish hawk flew in tight spirals scanning for prey. We waited all afternoon and the long, slanting rays of autumn light suffused the island world with a golden crispness so that leaves and branches and clouds and rocks assumed a fragile reality. From my perch I could see a puff of wind ruffle the back feathers of a small bird. We watched the sun, a throbbing yellow sphere, sink behind two islands. The air became cooler and we made for a campsite, feeling wonderfully relaxed and peaceful.

It was maybe two or three in the morning when I first noticed the wind shift. I felt it on my face and heard the rustle in the trees, and in the distance heard the muffled roar of waves driving against the rocky shore. The east wind had come. I nestled down farther into my sleeping bag. It seemed just a minute later Chris was shaking my shoulder. It was still dark but the island was alive with new sounds as the easterly wind swirled leaves through the air. "Come on. Let's go. I want to get down to the rocks for dawn." So we quickly dressed and set off through the night forest to find our way back to the spot where we had eaten lunch the previous day.

It took a while for my eyes to adjust to the blackness, but soon I could pick out inky silhouettes of trees and low branches. Knobby headed stumps sprang out of the

blackness like grotesque gnomes. We hurried through the night wood, racing the dawn to the shore. Although we could not see well, we knew we were close. Suddenly, the smell of wet rocks and seaweed grew much stronger and at Western Head we broke out of the woods.



*Rocky aerie is ideal perch for watching sunrise, sunset*

Beneath us was the surf. High above we sat in our rocky aerie and watched while one half of the world lightened and the horizon

became a scratchy line between water and sky. The morning became keen and the building seas below sent aloft feathery white plumes of air and bubbles. Every passing minute became a painter's stroke in the radiant transformation of earth, air and water as daylight

fast on her heels is a black dog barking furiously. We are close to the wharf now, but the deer isn't waiting for the boat.

Leaping into the water in a graceful arc, she swims desperately away from shore with the dog a few feet behind. The dog is maintaining his distance, perhaps even closing it a bit, but the doe has an unearthly confidence. With incredible aplomb, she lifts her elegant head and swims out into the middle of the channel where the waves are highest. She is swimming against the current in icy water, but her strategy soon becomes apparent as the dog is smacked in the



*Mailboat makes daily runs to island outposts in Acadia National Park*

broke and color was reborn.

It is late. We must run to catch the mailboat. I am no runner. My lungs are ready to explode in my chest. I make vows about physical fitness programs for the coming winter. I am absolutely astounded by the sound of my own heart's pumping. It is almost deafening. I stop. The panting continues and so does the beat of running steps as a smudge of brown-and-white streaks past me. It is a young doe deer, and

face by the waves while the deer's long neck rises above them. The deer gains a few feet, by now they have swum a quarter mile without seeming to tire. Finally the dog turns out of the current and heads for shore. The deer swims for another quarter mile and then cuts out of the channel and heads toward Kimball Island to begin life anew. We board the mailboat and pull into the thoroughfare between the two island refuges. We have to go back now. □





FAVORITE **Recipes** FROM  
FAMOUS RESTAURANTS  
by Nancy Kennedy





*painting by John Small*

## MURPHY'S ROMEO CAFE ROMEOVILLE, ILLINOIS

The little village of Romeoville boasts one of the most popular restaurants in the Joliet area, Murphy's, which is located on 135th Street, a half mile east of State Route 53, about 35 miles from the Chicago Loop. It's an informal family roadside inn where meals are cooked to order. Open for dinner Wednesday through Sunday. Reservations are necessary.

### WATERCRESS SOUP

*1 bunch watercress  
3 leeks, chopped  
1 onion, chopped  
3 raw potatoes, sliced  
4 tablespoons butter  
3 cups chicken stock  
1 cup milk  
1 cup half and half cream  
1 teaspoon salt  
Whipped cream for garnish*

Sauté leeks and onion in butter. Add potatoes and chicken stock. Cook until tender, about 45 minutes. Boil watercress in salted water for 2 minutes. Drain and put in blender with leek and onion mixture. Add milk, cream. Serve hot or cold with a dollop of whipped cream on each cup. Serves 8.

### PECAN PIE

With an electric mixer add 2½ cups light corn syrup to ⅓ cup flour and ⅓ cup light brown sugar. Blend until smooth. Add 5 large eggs, one at a time, blending well. Take off mixer, stir in 2 tablespoons melted butter, 2 teaspoons vanilla and 1 cup pecans. Pour into unbaked 10-inch pie shell. Bake at 350° about 40 minutes or until filling begins to rise in the center.

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## THE WOODLAWN MADISON, CONNECTICUT

Take Exit 59 or 61 from I-95 to reach this delightful New England dining spot at 438 Boston Post Road in the town of Madison. Lunch and dinner are served every day except Monday. Closed on Christmas Day. Fred C. Guelakis is the owner-manager. Reservations advisable.

### GREEK RICE PUDDING

*½ cup raw rice  
2 cups water  
4 cups milk  
4 egg yolks*

*1 cup sugar  
1 teaspoon salt  
Cinnamon*

Simmer rice in water and milk for about 45 minutes or until mixture becomes thick and rice is soft. Beat egg yolks well with sugar. Gradually stir rice mixture into beaten eggs and sugar and mix well. Return to cooking pan, add salt and cook over low heat about 2 minutes, stirring constantly so that it won't curdle. Pour into individual pudding dishes and sprinkle liberally with cinnamon. Makes 8-10 servings.

*painting by Thomas Sgouros*



## CHESTER'S ROAD HOUSE CINCINNATI, OHIO

Michael and Lee Comisar are the owners of this beautiful restaurant at 9678 Montgomery Road. From I-75 take I-275 (East) to the Montgomery Road exit. Proceed south three miles to the restaurant. A garden-like atmosphere dominates the two plant-filled dining rooms, one of which is under a glass roof. Dinner served every day except Christmas Eve, Christmas and Thanksgiving Day.

### CHESTER'S GARLIC BUTTER

*1/2 pound butter (unsalted)*  
*1 tablespoon chopped parsley*

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## CAFÉ DE L'AUBERGE TORONTO, ONTARIO

Renowned for service and cuisine, this formal restaurant specializes in European cuisine. The café is one of four dining rooms in the Inn on the Park Hotel, which is 15 minutes from downtown Toronto. The address is 1100 Eglinton Avenue East. Reservations advisable.

### BAKED CHICKEN IN CRUST

*Stuffing:* Combine  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup milk, 1 beaten egg, 2 teaspoons brandy and salt and pepper, to taste. Soak 6 slices white toast in this mixture. Chop 3 slices cooked bacon, chicken liver and 2 green onions. Mix with 1 teaspoon chopped parsley and a pinch of thyme. Combine mixture with soaked toast and stuff cavity of a 3-pound chicken.

*1 teaspoon chopped shallots*  
*2 teaspoons fresh chopped garlic*

Let butter soften. Add garlic, chopped parsley and chopped shallots. Mix well. Serves 3.

### MUSHROOMS ROAD HOUSE

*1 pound fresh mushrooms*  
*3 tablespoons oil*  
*5 ounces garlic butter*  
*1/4 cup chopped parsley*  
*Salt and pepper, to taste*

Sauté whole mushrooms in hot oil until they are slightly brown. Remove excess oil. Add garlic butter and heat. Serve when the butter begins to foam. Add chopped parsley just before serving.

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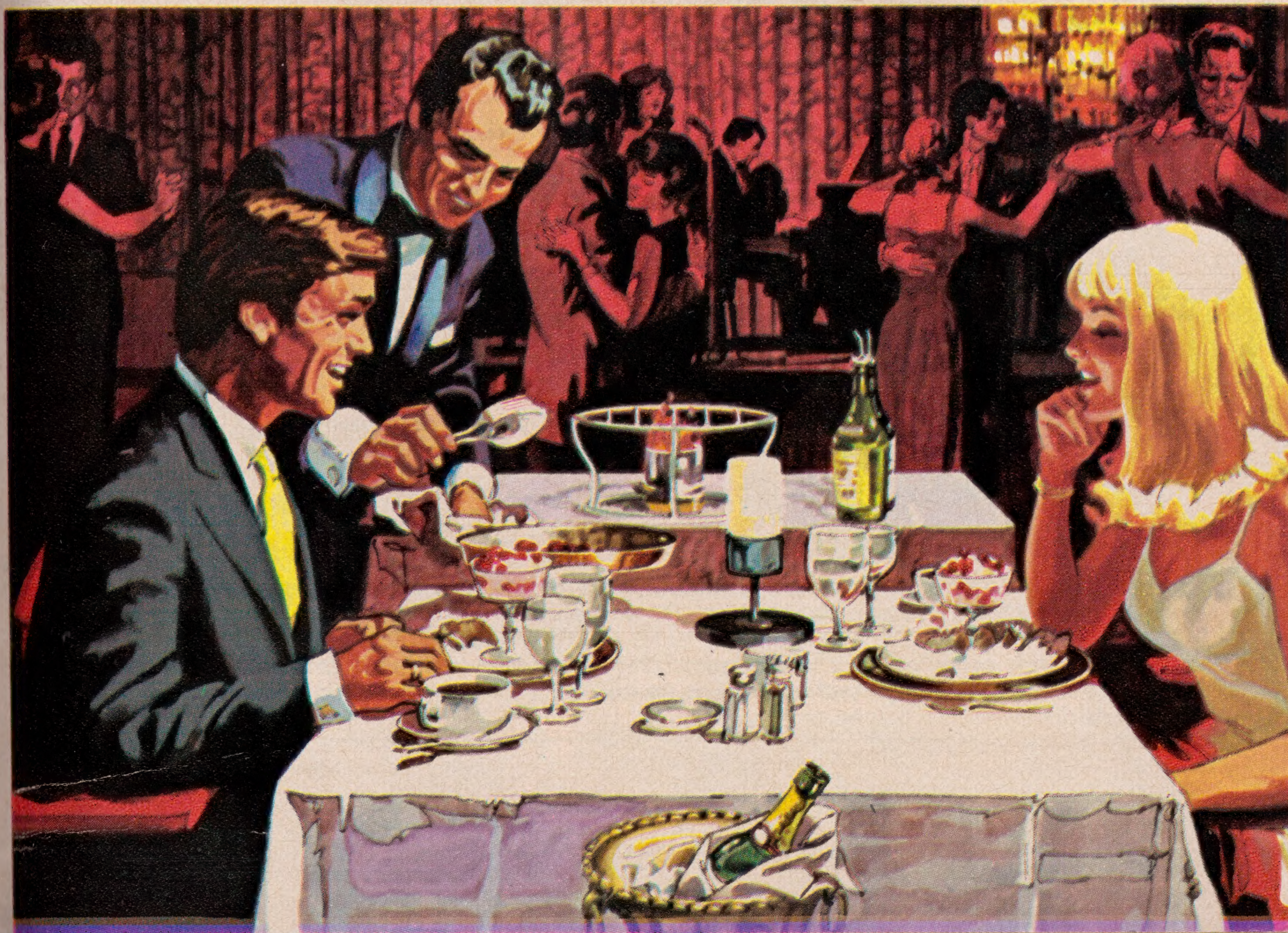
*Crust:* Mix  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups all purpose flour with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup soft butter quickly with fingertips. Stir in 5 tablespoons water and a pinch of salt. Shape into a ball and let rest for 15 minutes. Then roll out thinly on a floured board. Place the chicken on its side on one half of the pastry with the breast bone towards the center of the circle. Fold over second half of the pastry to enclose the chicken. Seal the pastry along the back bone. Turn the bird breast side up and seal the ends. Place on greased baking sheet and brush the pastry with a beaten egg. Bake in a preheated 400° oven for 30 minutes and at 350° for another 30 minutes. Split crust into 2 pieces, set aside. Quarter chicken, top with stuffing and crust portion. Serves 4.





painting by Lin Ervine ▲

▼ painting by Larry McManus







## Letters

### Long Tag

Dear Sirs: We've had the same license plate number for half a century. The number—9671—belonged to my father, C. C. Kuehn, who had it for 35 years. At his death, I inherited his car and the license, too. Even more interesting is the fact that for all those years the number has only been displayed on Ford cars. The 1925 plate I'm holding in the photograph was used on my father's 1924 Model T and the 1975 plate is on my 1973 Maverick. Both cars were purchased from Cuba Motor Company, Cuba, Illinois.

Mrs. Berton Catron  
Ellisville, Illinois



### Of Special Interest

Dear Sirs: Thank you for the especially interesting May FORD TIMES. Mary Zimmer's story on Kosciusko and Pulaski will be sent to my 89-year-old mother in Bellevue, Nebraska. My husband, who once lived in Custer, South Dakota, enjoyed Joel M. Vance's article on French Creek. Last, but not least, I really ate up Zibby Oneal's "Hur-ray! Hurray! It's the First of May!"

Mrs. Cyrilla Duprel  
Greenville, Mississippi

### Fuel Saver

Dear Sirs: Last summer I bought a Pinto from Kayser Ford in Madison, Wisconsin. After spending two weeks with our son-in-law and daughter in Madison, we drove through eight states (taking in the Badlands, Mt. Rushmore, Yellowstone, Lake Tahoe, the Big Horn Mountains and the Rockies) to Oxnard, California. Thanks to our Pinto with air conditioning, we were comfortable the entire 2642 miles. The gas bill for the trip was \$65.53. We used 110 gallons of gas, which averages out to 24 miles per gallon. Now we are back in Hawaii, where my son uses the Pinto to attend our local university.

Richard H. Miyasaka  
Honolulu, Hawaii

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Product information appearing in this issue was correct when approved for printing. Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional equipment items that are available at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Certain options will not be available until after new-model introduction. Always consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.

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# From Ford: Room, ride and comfort Club Wagons never offered before.

No wheelhousing hinders your entrance, as you step in the driver's door. You discover the new roominess that Ford's engine-forward design creates for you and your front-seat passenger: new move-around room for your feet, room to swing to the rear, room to step across behind the engine . . . spaciousness old-style vans can't match.

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Many options for "customizing":

- Chateau trim package (see photo). Includes full-length cut-pile carpeting.
- One-way glass for privacy. Available in rear side windows and rear door.



Ample "living room". Captain's Chairs optional.

- Sidewall-mounted auxiliary heater/air conditioner with adjustable side vents.
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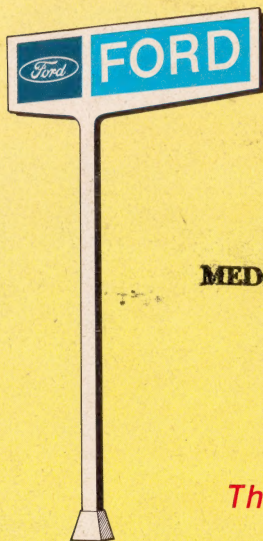
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